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EASTER IN RUSSIA.

IN Russia, Easter constitutes the greatest festival of the year, and not only the greatest religious festival, but also the most important national holiday. For a whole week all places of business are shut, all banks and public offices, and the whole country gives itself up to pleasure and amusement.

Simple, light-hearted, and hospitable to a degree, a Russian when he takes holiday surrenders himself to the full enjoyment of it with all the eagerness and abandonment of a child. Not that plenty of opportunity is denied him. In his case, familiarity certainly does not breed contempt, for the public holidays in Russia amount to one-quarter of the year. But he welcomes each and every one with the same zest, though to none does he look forward with such happy anticipations as to Easter.

During the long cold winter months, this season of hope and joy has shone out like a beacon in the distance, the herald of spring, telling that summer with her sunshine and warmth is near. Sometimes it does happen that the great feast arrives in the midst of snow and frost. What does that matter? Spring must soon be there; and in a little while, with the marvellous rapidity which is one of the wonders of the Russian climate, all will be changed, and in the place of frost and snow, the tender blades of grass will show themselves above the hard ground; the violets will peep from under their green shelter, filling the air with their sweet fragrance; the trees will bow down beneath their load of white and pink blossoms; and nature will seem only to speak of a joyful resurrection and life.

The joy and happiness of Easter would appear to be only increased by the long fast which precedes the festival. Perhaps in no other country is Lent kept so strictly; not only is all meat forbidden, but milk, eggs, cheese, butter, and fish. Caviare, dried fish, and shellfish are allowed, and on Sundays and

Saturdays the rigour is a little lessened. The fast is kept usually most strictly by the peasants during the whole period it lasts; but the rich, unless very old-fashioned, only keep it during the first and last weeks.

The season of abstinence and mortification is ushered in by what is called the 'Butter-week,' corresponding somewhat to the Carnival—the last week in which butter is supposed to be allowed. During this time, every one eats 'blivnes,' a kind of pancake served with sour cream or melted butter and caviare. Festivities and merry-makings of all kinds are in full swing, to prepare for the dull period to follow. Lent always commences on a Monday, and from then till Easter the only break is Palm-Sunday, or, as it is called, Willow-Sunday. If the weather happens to be fine and warm, then the streets on the eve of Willow-Sunday present a pretty appearance. Peasants, with huge bundles of willow and palm branches, line the sides of the road. Peasant girls in their bright skirts and head-dresses stand at the church doors with baskets of artificial flowers, made by themselves, which they offer for sale to the passers-by. Every one must be provided with some flower or branch to carry into the church to be blessed by the priest. There is a curious custom among the peasants on this night, which gives rise to no little amount of rough play—namely, that whoever strikes another with the sacred flowers earns the right to a salute like that connected with our mistletoe at Christmas. On Sunday, when every one is exempt from fasting, the whole town seems to turn out of doors; and the people in their bright dresses, with the bunches of gaily-coloured flowers and fresh twigs, create an agreeable relief to the monotony of the preceding weeks.

The next six days are a universal fast, most rigorously kept. Visits are not paid; no amusements may take place; all are preparing for the solemn duty of confession and of partaking of the Holy Communion. Confession in

Russia is a duty enforced by the civil law upon every one at least once a year. So much importance is attached to this duty, that the first question put to a witness, after that respecting his name, is, 'When did you confess last?' Passion-week presents a curious contrast. A great deal of time is spent in church, and what is left is taken up with shopping, in anticipation of the great feast. Immense stores of eatables of all descriptions have to be bought in. Every one gives and receives presents, and much time and thought are expended in the preparation and colouring of the eggs, without which no Easter would be complete. These eggs are of all sorts, real eggs hard-boiled and coloured brightly, or wooden eggs, made and sold by the peasants. Indeed, one of the principal sights during Passion-week is the shops filled with eggs, not only the confectioner's with its chocolate and sugar wares, but the silversmith's with its lovely little egg-shaped cases, enclosing rings and other pretty articles.

At Easter, everybody considers it essential to appear in new clothes; so the milliners' and drapers' shops are crowded, and scarcely a single person can be seen who is not loaded with parcels—generals of high rank, 'popes' or priests, ladies of fashion; indeed, it would be strange to meet any one without some square, oblong, or round package in his hand. On Saturday the 'dvorniks' or porters struggle along the streets, weighed down by huge sacks of groceries, sweetmeats, and fruits of all kinds. In the houses, all is turmoil and confusion; for everything must be turned out, and every corner cleaned, the kitchen floors made as white as possible, and the tables spread. All this must be done on Saturday; Friday is too sacred. No work is done. All persons who possibly can are in church. Many even go into deep mourning. Then commences one of the most peculiar services—namely, the 'Burial of Christ.' During the usual vespers, the 'tomb of Christ' is brought from the holy place and set in the centre of the church; after which, at the head of a solemn procession of choir-boys and 'popes,' the representation of the 'body of Christ'—an oblong piece of silk having the painting of the dead Saviour upon it—is brought from the altar and laid upon the tomb. At night, a solemn service is held; and amidst the tolling of bells, and the soft, low chanting, the icon representing the body is placed in its last resting-place, the lights are put out, and it is left in the darkness.

On Saturday towards evening the streets become quiet; the shops are closed, so that at nine o'clock you wonder where all the busy throngs can be gone. But wait another hour, and what a change! All is again alive, but with this difference, that every one now has on his best things, has bathed, even to the poorest peasants, and is hurrying along to join in the wonderful midnight service, preparing for Easter, which is called the 'Splendour-bearing Sunday,' the 'Great and Holy Sunday,' the 'Opener of the Gates of Paradise,' the 'Sanctifier of the Faithful,' the 'Passage from Darkness to Light.'

We spent this memorable night with some

Russian friends. Meeting them about ten o'clock at their own house, we found them in elaborate evening dress, which must be either white or of a very light colour, with flowers and jewellery. A little before eleven we drove off, having elected to witness the ceremony in a chapel belonging to a large boys' school or 'gymnasium,' the cathedral being so crowded.

We found the finely decorated chapel filled, many officers in their uniforms, ladies and children beautifully dressed, giving almost the appearance of a ballroom. As in all Russian churches, there were no seats, every one being required either to kneel or stand, which makes the services very fatiguing. In the centre of the nave stood the tomb of Christ, covered with a black pall, and surrounded by lighted candles, showing a dim light over the rest of the chapel, which was not yet lit in any other way. The altar or sanctuary was hidden by the 'iconostasis,' which derives its name from the 'icons' or holy pictures depicted on it. It has three doors. On the right of the centre door on entering is always the icon of our Lord; on the left, that of the Virgin Mary; the rest those of saints, according to the devotion of the founder. In front of all the icons were ranged huge candelabra, holding great numbers of unlit candles, and having many little holes, in which the devotee could place other candles.

At a quarter to twelve, one priest appeared, then others; then the chanting, low and soft, commences with the 'Gospodi pomilni' (Lord, have mercy upon us) constantly repeated in chorus; and at every repetition the people cross themselves three times and bow to the ground. The effect was truly impressive: the dimly lighted chapel; the priests, just to be seen standing round the tomb in their robes of pure white and dazzling silver; the silent crowd around holding each one an unlighted taper in the hand; and the solemn chant, with no accompaniment—for organs are not allowed in the Eastern Church. Just before the midnight hour, the presiding priest came from behind the 'iconostasis,' where he had been praying inside the sanctuary, and advancing to the tomb, stooped, and discovered that the body of Christ was no longer therein. Raising himself, he announced the fact to the people; and then, in solemn procession, followed by the priests bearing the censers, and swinging them as they went, left the chapel to seek the place 'where they have laid Him.'

Through all the rooms they go, the solemn chant never ceasing, till, having searched everywhere and not found what they seek, the procession again reaches the chapel just on the stroke of twelve. All at once is heard in the distance the clear boom of the cannon announcing the hour of midnight. The priest, standing on the steps of the altar, swings his censer, and announces in tones which penetrate to the farthest corners of the edifice, 'Christós voskrés' (Christ hath risen), and the people answer him with one voice: 'Vo istinó voskrés' (In truth, He hath risen). The woman standing nearest the priest lights her taper at the consecrated one presented to her by him; her neighbour in turn receives the light from her; and so on, till in a minute, as it were, the

chapel was illuminated with a hundred lights. Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, friends and relations, embraced one another, kissing three times on the forehead and either cheek and exchanging the Easter greeting. With all boys belonging to the 'gymnasium' the head-master exchanged the Easter kiss and greeting. The whole congregation, then passing before the priest, did the same with him, and high-mass now followed.

As we drove home through the streets, the illuminations were hardly necessary, so beautiful and clear was the moonlight. Along the sides of the roads, placed upon low posts, were small earthenware dishes containing a lighted wick floating in melted tallow, and producing a weird and singular effect.

Arriving home, we found the tables spread with a sumptuous repast, decorated with pots of beautiful flowers; cold joints of every description, ham and roast sucking-pig, regular Easter dishes which never fail. Then the servant enters, bringing with him the 'paskel' cheese, made from sour-milk; and the 'kulitch' or Easter cake, which is something like bread-cake with raisins in it. These, the cake and cheese, as well as a great bowl full of coloured eggs, have been taken down to the church to be blessed by the priests. In large establishments, a priest is invited to supper, in order that he may bless the whole table; indeed, some priests spend the whole night going from house to house performing this duty.

Before we sat down to supper, the servants came in, and were saluted by their mistress with the Easter greeting and presented with an egg. We sat talking and laughing far into the morning, and listening to the merry peals of bells ringing from the steeples of the numerous churches, almost deafening at times with their volume of sound.

The servants are never forgotten: they receive handsome presents, besides a large ham, several joints, a cheese and cake, and about twenty eggs each. They decorate their own table, after the fashion of peasants, with branches of willow, and place above it the holy picture, beneath which a lamp is kept burning. Then, till the holiday is over, the kitchen is the meeting-place of all their relations and friends; and no mistress dares put any restriction on the most unbounded hospitality.

Easter-Sunday morning broke fine and clear as we made our way home about nine o'clock. Not a soul was to be seen; the whole city seemed sleeping after the exertions of the night. By-and-by the streets will be again crowded; carriages with their gaily-dressed occupants and splendid black horses will come dashing along; visits must be paid, cards left, and congratulations offered to all the highest officials. Balls and parties, concerts and theatres, are the order of the day now; and when the week is over, life will gradually return to its ordinary routine. But, as we stood on one of the heights overlooking the sleeping city, the cupolas and domes of its many churches glittering in the morning sunshine—for it was in the old city of Kieff that we spent this Easter—the deep silence seemed eloquent of praise; and the warm air, the tender green, the sweet

scent of spring, to whisper to each other the beautiful words, 'Christ hath risen;' the soft breeze bringing back the answer, 'In truth, He hath risen indeed.'

THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.*

CHAPTER V. (continued).

THEN the lord Lorenzo hastened to the cabinet of the Duke, whom he found pacing up and down, gnawing his finger-nails, and told him of what was done outside.

'I care not,' said the Duke. 'She shall take the vows! Let the pikemen scatter them.'

Lorenzo then besought him, telling him that all the city was in arms, and that the conflict would be great. But the Duke said still, 'She shall take the vows!' Nevertheless he went with Lorenzo, and came forth on to the top-most step of the portico. And when the people saw him they ceased for a moment to assail the pikemen and cried out, 'Give us back the Sacred Bones!'

'Scatter these fellows!' said the Duke to the Captain of the Guard.

'My lord, they are too many. And if we scatter them now, yet when we have gone against Count Antonio, they may do what they will with the city.'

The Duke stood still, pale, and again gnawing his nails; and the pikemen, finding the fight hard, gave back before the people; and the people pressed on.

Then Peter the furrier came forward, and the hottest with him, and mocked the pikemen; and one of the pikemen suddenly thrust Peter through with his pike, and the fellow fell dead; on which a great cry of rage rose from all the people, and they rushed on the pikemen again and slew and were slain; and the fight rolled up the steps even to the very feet of the Duke himself. And at last, able no longer to contend with all the city, he cried, 'Hold! I will restore the Sacred Bones!' But the people would not trust him, and one cried, 'Bring out the lady here before us and set her free, or we will burn the Palace.' And the Archbishop came suddenly and threw himself on his knees before the Duke, beseeching him that no more blood might be shed, but that the Lady Lucia should be set free. And the Duke, now greatly afraid, sent hastily the Lieutenant of the Guard and ten men, who came to the convent where Lucia was, and brooking no delay, carried her with them in her bedgown, and brought and set her beside the Duke in the portico of the Palace. Then the Duke raised his hand to heaven, and before all the people he said, 'Behold, she is free! Let her go to her own house, and her estate shall be hers again. And by my princely word and these same Holy Bones I swear that she shall not take the vows, neither will I constrain her to wed any man.' And when he had said this, he turned sharply round on his heel, and, looking neither to the right nor to the left, went through the great hall to his cabinet and shut the door. For his heart was very sore that he must yield to

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Antonio's demand, and, for himself, he had rather a thousand times that the Bones of St Prisian had been burnt.

Now when the Duke was gone, the people brought the Lady Lucia to her own house, driving out the steward whom the Duke had set there, and, this done, they came to the Archbishop and would not suffer him to rest or to delay one hour before he set forth to carry the Duke's promise to Antonio. This the Archbishop was ready to do, for all that he was weary. But first he sent Lorenzo to ask the Duke's pleasure; and Lorenzo, coming to the Duke, prayed him to send two hundred pikes with the Archbishop. 'For,' said he, 'your Highness has sworn nothing concerning what shall befall Antonio; and so soon as he has delivered up the bones, I will set upon him and bring him alive or dead to your Highness.'

But the Duke would not hearken. 'The fellow's name is like stale lees of wine in my mouth,' said he. 'Ten of my pikemen lie dead in the square, and more of the citizens. I will lose no more men over it.'

'Yet how great a thing if we could take him!'

'I will take him at my own time and in my own way,' said the Duke. 'In God's name, leave me now.'

Lorenzo therefore got from the Duke leave for but ten men to go with the Archbishop, and to go himself if he would. And thus they set out, exhorted by the people, who followed them beyond the bounds of the city, to make all speed. And when they were gone, the people came back and took up the bodies of the dead; while the pikemen also took up the bodies of such of their comrades as were slain.

Yet had Duke Valentine known what passed on the hills while the city was in tumult, it may not be doubted, for all his vexation, that he would have sent the two hundred whom Lorenzo asked: never had he a fairer chance to take Antonio. For when the Count and those who had been with him to Rilano were asleep, Antonio's head resting on the golden casket, a shepherd came to the rest of the band and told them what had been done, and how all the country was in an uproar. Then a debate arose amongst the band, for, though they were lawless men, yet they feared God, and thought with great dread on what Antonio had sworn; so that presently they came altogether, and roused Antonio, and said to him, 'My lord, you have done much for us, and it may be that we have done somewhat for you. But we will not suffer the Sacred Bones to be burnt and scattered to the winds.'

'Except the Duke yields, I have sworn it, as God lives,' answered Antonio.

'We care not. It shall not be—no—not though you and we die,' said they.

'It is well: I hear,' said Antonio, bowing his head.

'In an hour,' said they, 'we will take the bones, if you will not yourself, my lord, send them back.'

'Again I hear,' said Antonio, bowing his head; and the band went back to the fire round

which they had been sitting, all save Martolo, who came and put his hand in Antonio's hand.

'How now, Martolo?' asked Antonio.

'What you will, I will, my lord,' said Martolo. For though he trembled when he thought of the bones of St Prisian, yet he clung always to Antonio. As for Bena and the others of the ten who had gone to Rilano, they would now have burnt not the bones only, but the blessed saint himself, had Antonio bidden them. Hard men, in truth, were they, and the more reckless now, because no harm had come to them from the seizing of the bones—moreover, Antonio had given them good wine for supper, and they drank well.

Now the rest of the band being gone back to their fire, and the night being very dark, in great silence and caution, Antonio, Tommasino, Martolo, Bena, and their fellows—being thirteen in all—rose from their places, and taking naught with them but their swords (save that Antonio carried the golden casket), they stole forth from the camp, and set their faces to climb yet higher into the heights of the hills. None spoke: one following another, they climbed the steep path that led up the mountain side; and when they had been going for the space of an hour, they heard a shout from far below them.

'Our flight is known,' said Tommasino.

'Shall we stand and meet them, my lord?' asked Bena.

'Nay, not yet,' said Antonio; and the thirteen went forward again at the best speed they could.

Now they were in a deep gorge between lofty cliffs; and the gorge still tended upwards; and at length they came to the place which is now named 'Antonio's Neck.' There the rocks came nigh to meeting and utterly barring the path; yet there is a way that one man, or at most two, may pass through at one time. Along this narrow tongue they passed, and, coming to the other side, found a level space on the edge of a great precipice, and, Antonio pointing over the precipice, they saw in the light of the day, which now was dawning, the towers and spires of Firmola very far away in the plain below.

'It is a better place for the fire than the other,' said Antonio; and Bena laughed, while Martolo shivered.

'Yet we risk being hindered by these fellows behind,' said Tommasino.

'Nay, I think not,' said Antonio.

Then he charged Tommasino and all of them to busy themselves in collecting such dry sticks and brushwood as they could, and there was abundance near, for the fir-trees grew even so high. And one of the men also went and set a snare, and presently caught a wild goat, so that they had meat. But Antonio took Bena and set him on one side of the way where the neck opened out into the level space; and he stood on the other side of the way himself. And when they stretched out their arms, the point of Bena's sword reached the hilt of Antonio's. And Antonio smiled, saying to Bena, 'He had need to be a thin man, Bena, that passes between you and me.'

And Bena nodded his head at Count Antonio,

answering, 'Indeed this is as strait as the way to heaven, my lord—and leads, as it seems to me, in much the same direction.'

Thus Antonio and Bena waited in the shelter of the rocks, at the opening of the neck, while the rest built up a great pile of wood. Then, having roasted the meat, they made their breakfast, Martolo carrying portions to Antonio and to Bena. And, their pursuers not knowing the path so well, and therefore moving less quickly, it was but three hours short of noon when they heard the voices of men from the other side of the neck. And Antonio cried straightway, 'Come not through at your peril! Yet one may come and speak with me.'

Then a great fellow, whose name is variously given, though most of those whom I have questioned call him Sancho, came through the neck, and, reaching the end of it, found the crossed swords of Antonio and Bena like a fence against his breast. And he saw also the great pile of wood, and resting now on the top of it the golden casket that held the Sacred Bones. And he said to Antonio, 'My lord, we love you; but sooner than that the bones should be burnt, we will kill you and all that are with you.'

And Antonio answered, 'I also love you, Sancho; yet you and all your company shall die sooner than my oath shall be broken.'

'Your soul shall answer for it, my lord,' said Sancho.

'You speak truly,' answered Antonio.

Then Sancho went back through the neck and took counsel with his fellows; and they made him their chief, and promised to be obedient to all that he ordered. And he said, 'Let two run at their highest speed through the neck: it may be they will die, but the bones must be saved. And after them, two more, and again two. And I will be of the first two.'

But they would not suffer him to be of the first two, although he prevailed that he should be of the last two. And the six, being chosen, drew their swords, and with a cry rushed into the neck. Antonio, hearing their feet, said to Bena, 'A quick blow is as good as a slow, Bena.' And even as he spoke the first two came to the opening of the neck. But Antonio and Bena struck at them before they came out of the narrowest part or could wield their swords freely; and the second two coming on, Bena struck at one and wounded him in the breast; and he wounded Bena in the face over the right eye; and then Bena slew him; while Antonio slew his man at his first stroke. And the fifth man and Sancho, the sixth, coming on, Antonio cried loudly, 'Are you mad, are you mad? We could hold the neck against a hundred.'

But they would not stop, and Antonio slew the fifth, and Bena was in the act to strike at Sancho, but Antonio suddenly dashed Sancho's sword from his hand, and caught him a mighty buffet, so that he fell sprawling on the bodies of the five that were dead.

'Go back, fool, go back!' cried Antonio.

And Sancho, answering nothing, gathered himself up and went back; for he perceived now that not with the loss of half of his men

would he get by Antonio and Bena; and beyond them stood Tommasino with ten whom he knew to be of the stoutest of the band.

'It is a sore day's work, Bena,' cried Antonio, looking at the dead bodies.

'If a man be too great a fool to keep himself alive, my lord, he must die,' answered Bena; and he pushed the bodies a little farther back into the neck with his foot.

Then Sancho's company took counsel again; for much as they revered the Sacred Bones, there was none of them eager to enter the neck. Thus they were at a loss, till the shepherd who had come along with them spoke to Sancho, saying, 'At the cost of a long journey, you may come at him; for there is a way round that I can lead you by. But you will not traverse it in less than twelve or thirteen hours, taking necessary rest by the way.'

But Sancho counting the time, cried, 'It will serve! For although a thousand came against him, yet the Count will not burn the bones before the time of his oath.'

Therefore he left fifteen men to hold the neck, in case Antonio should offer to return back through it, and with the rest, he followed the shepherd in great stealth and quiet; by reason of which, and of the rock between them, Antonio knew not what was done, but thought that the whole company lay still on the other side of the neck.

Thus the day wore to evening as the Archbishop with the lord Lorenzo and the Guards came to the spur of the hills; and here they found a man waiting, who cried to them, 'Do you bring the Duke's promise to the Count Antonio?'

'Yes, we bring it,' said they.

'I am charged,' said he, 'to lead the Archbishop and one other after the Count.' But since the Archbishop could not climb the hills, being old and weary, Lorenzo constrained the man to take with him four of the Guards besides; and the four bore the Archbishop along. Thus they were led through the secret tracks in the hills, and these Lorenzo tried to engrave on his memory, that he might come again. But the way was long and devious, and it was hard to mark it. Thus going, they came to the huts, and, passing the huts, still climbed wearily till they arrived near to the neck. It was then night, and, as they guessed, hard on the time when Antonio had sworn to burn the Sacred Bones; therefore they pressed on more and more, and came at last to the entrance of the neck. Here they found the fifteen, and Lorenzo, running up, cried aloud, 'We bring the promise, we bring the promise!'

But scarcely had he spoken these words, when a sudden great shout came from the other side of the neck; and Lorenzo, drawing his sword, rushed into the neck, the fifteen following, yet leaving a space between him and them, lest they should see him fall, pierced by Antonio and Bena. And Lorenzo stumbled and fell over the five dead bodies which lay in the way of the neck. Uttering a cry, 'What are these?' he scrambled again to his feet, and passed unhurt through the mouth of the neck, and the fifteen followed after him, while the Guards supported the Archbishop in their

hands, his chair being too wide to pass through the neck. And when they all thus came through, wild and strange was the sight they saw. For it chanced that at the same time Sancho's company had completed their circuit, and had burst from behind upon Antonio and the twelve. And when the twelve saw them, they retreated to the great pile and made a ring round it, and stood there ready to die rather than allow Sancho's men to reach the pile. It was then midnight, and the time of Count Antonio's oath. Count Antonio stood on the top of the great pile; at his feet lay the golden casket containing the Sacred Bones, and in his hand was a torch. And he cried aloud, 'Hold them, while I fire the pile!' and he leaped down and came to the side of the pile and laid his torch to the pile. And in an instant the flames shot up, for the pile was dry.

Now when Sancho's men saw the pile alight, with shouts of horror and of terror they charged at the top of their speed against the twelve who guarded the pile. And Lorenzo and his men also rushed; but the cries of Sancho's company, together with the answering defiance of the twelve, drowned the cries of Lorenzo; and Antonio and the twelve knew not that Lorenzo was come. And the flames of the pile grew, and the highest tongue of flame licked the side of the golden casket. But Antonio's voice rose above all, as he stood, ay, almost within the ambit of the fire, and cried, 'Hold them a moment, Tommasino—a moment, Bena—and the thing is done!' Then Lorenzo tore his casque from his head and flung down his sword, and rushed unarmed between Antonio's men and Sancho's men, shouting louder than he had thought ever to shout, 'The promise! the promise!' And at the same moment (so it is told—I but tell it as it is told) there came from heaven a great flash of lightning, which, aiding the glare of the flames, fully revealed the features of Lorenzo. Back fell Sancho's men, and Antonio's arrested their swords. And then they all cried as men cry in great joy, 'The promise, the promise!' And for a moment all stood still where they were. But the flames leaped higher; and, as Antonio had said, they were seen by the great throng that gazed from the city walls; and they were seen by Duke Valentine as he watched from the wall of his garden by the river; and he went pale, gnawing his nails.

Then the Count Antonio leaped on the burning pile, though it seemed that no man could pass alive through it. Yet God was with him, and he gained the top of it, and, stooping, seized the golden casket and flung it down, clear of the pile, even at the lord Lorenzo's feet; and when Lorenzo sought to lift it, the heat of it blistered his hands, and he cried out with pain. But Count Antonio, choked by the smoke, his hair and his eyebrows scorched by the fire, staggered half-way down the pile and then sank on his knees. And there he had died, but that Tommasino, Bena, and Sancho, each eager to outstrip the other, rushed in and drew him forth, and fetched water and gave it to him, so that he breathed again and lived. But the flames leaped higher and higher; and they said

on the city walls, 'God help us! God help us! The Sacred Bones are burnt!' And women, ay, and men too, fell to weeping, and there was great sorrow, fear, and desolation. And the Duke gnawed his nails even to the quick, and spat the blood from his mouth, cursing Antonio.

But Lorenzo, having perceived that the greater number were against Antonio, cried out to Sancho's men, 'Seize him and bring him here!' For the Duke's promise carried no safety to Antonio.

But Sancho answered him, 'Now that the Sacred Bones are safe, we have no quarrel with my lord Antonio;' and he and his men went and laid down their swords by the feet of Antonio, where he lay on the ground, his head on Tommasino's lap. So that the whole band were now round Antonio, and Lorenzo had but four with him.

'He asks war!' growled Bena to Tommasino. 'Shall he not have war, my lord?'

And Tommasino laughed, answering, 'Here is a drunkard of blood!'

But Count Antonio, raising himself, said, 'Is the Archbishop here?'

Then Lorenzo went and brought the Archbishop, who, coming, stood before Antonio, and rehearsed to him the oath that Duke Valentine had taken, and told him how the Lady Lucia was already free and in her own house, and made him aware also of the great tumult that had happened in the city. And Antonio listened to his tale in silence.

Then the Archbishop raised a hand towards heaven and spoke in a solemn and sad voice, 'Behold, there are ten of the Duke's Guard dead in the city, and there are twelve of the townsmen dead; and here, in the opening of the neck, there lie dead five men of those who followed you, my lord. Twenty-and-seven men are there that have died over this business. I pray more have not died in the city since I set forth. And for what has this been done, my lord? And more than the death of all these is there. For these Sacred Bones have been foully and irreligiously stolen and carried away, used with vile irreverence and brought into imminent hazard of utter destruction: and had they been destroyed and their ashes scattered to the four winds, according to your blasphemous oath, I know not what would have befallen the country where such an act was done. And for what has this been done, my lord? It has been done that a proud and violent man may have his will, and that his passion may be satisfied. Heavy indeed is the burden on your soul, my lord; yes, on your soul is the weight of sacrilege and of much blood.'

The Archbishop ceased, and his hand dropped to his side. The flames on the pile were burning low, and a stillness fell on all the company. But at last Count Antonio rose to his feet and stood with his elbow on Tommasino's shoulder, leaning on Tommasino. His face was weary and sad, and he was very pale, save where in one spot the flame had scorched his cheek to an angry red. And looking round on the Archbishop, and on the lord Lorenzo, and on them all, he answered sadly, 'In truth, my

Lord Archbishop, my burden is heavy. For I am an outlaw, and excommunicated. Twenty-and-seven men have died through my act, and I have used the Sacred Bones foully, and brought them into imminent peril of total destruction, according to my oath. All this is true, my lord. And yet I know not. For Almighty God, whom all we, whether honest men or knaves, men of law or lawless, humbly worship—Almighty God has His own scales, my lord. And I know not which thing be in those scales the heavier—that twenty-and-seven men should die, and that the bones of the Blessed St Prisian should be brought in peril, ay, or should be utterly destroyed—or again that one weak girl, who has no protection save in the justice and pity of men, should be denied justice and bereft of pity, and that no man should hearken to her weeping. Say, my lord—for it is yours to teach and mine to learn—which of these things should God count the greater sin? And for myself I have asked nothing; and for my friends here, whom I love—yes, even those I have killed for my oath's sake, I loved—I have dared to ask nothing. But I asked only that justice should be done and mercy regarded. Where, my lord, is the greater sin?

But the Archbishop answered not a word to Count Antonio; but he and the lord Lorenzo came and lifted the golden casket, and, no man of Antonio's company seeking to hinder them, they went back with it to the city and showed it to the people; and after that the people had rejoiced greatly that the Sacred Bones, which they had thought to be destroyed, were safe, the Archbishop carried the golden casket back to the shrine in the village of Rilano, where it rests till this day. But Count Antonio buried the five men of his band whom he and Bena had slain, and with the rest he abode still in the hills, while the Lady Lucia dwelt in her own house in the city; and the Duke, honouring the oath which he had sworn before all the people, did not seek to constrain her to wed any man, and restored to her the estate that he had taken from her. Yet the Duke hated Count Antonio the more for what he had done, and sought the more eagerly how he might take him and put him to death.

THE GREAT INDIAN SURVEY.

In the last official decennial Report on the Progress and Condition of India (1882-92), issued from the India Office, it is incidentally mentioned that the great Trigonometrical Survey was approaching its centenary. It is now almost complete, only the triangulation of outlying parts of Burma and Beluchistan remaining in progress; and as it is one of the most remarkable works ever undertaken, and is renowned in other countries for the extent of the operations and the boldness of their conception, we propose to give a brief account of the scheme.

Up to the beginning of the present century the geography of the interior of the Indian Peninsula was little known. Rather more than a hundred years ago, Major Rennell, of the Hon-

ourable East India Company's service, did, as Surveyor-general of Bengal, survey and map out a large portion of the province; but for the most part, knowledge of the topography of the interior was derived only from the route-maps of travellers and of armies in the field. Route-surveys, however, are necessarily inaccurate; and about the beginning of the present century, one William Lambton, Captain and afterwards Colonel in the Company's service, drew up a plan for the measurement of a long 'arc of the meridian,' and for a Trigonometrical Survey of the whole of the southern portion of India. It is said that Lambton elaborated this plan on the suggestion of Colonel Wellesley (afterwards Duke of Wellington) in or about 1800. However this may be, the project was warmly supported by the Governor of Madras, and was sanctioned by the Government, with Colonel Lambton as Director of operations, and two Lieutenants of the Company's service as assistants. The first proceeding was to obtain a base-line, and this was obtained, after long and patient experiments, on a stretch of land about seven and a half miles long, near Madras, in April 1802. This, then, was the beginning of the Trigonometrical Survey of India, which has proceeded without cessation—except during the Mutiny—ever since, and is still going on.

But what is a Trigonometrical Survey? We will endeavour to explain.

It is easy enough to measure the distance from one place to another; but it is a complicated process to combine all the measurements and lay them down so accurately on paper as to form a perfect map, exact in all its proportions and dimensions. For such a purpose the method usually adopted is the Trigonometrical one, and Trigonometry, as every school-boy knows, is the measurement of triangles.

In preparing to map out a new country, then, the first thing to do is to form a base-line. Before this can be done, a good deal of superficial, or ocular, surveying is needed—the surveyors examining the ground carefully within an agreed radius, so as to gain a general idea of its main features and prominent marks. A place is then selected on which can best be drawn a long straight line within sight of flags placed at various points in such a way that lines drawn from one to the other will form a series of triangles. At least two of these flag-stations must be visible from the base-line, which has to be measured with the extremest accuracy.

Everything depends on the accuracy of the measurement of this base-line, for the slightest error in it will make all the rest of the work wrong. If possible, the ground at the base is levelled; but if this is impracticable, uprights are fixed, between which the measuring-chain can be stretched tight and true. Each end of the base-line is marked with a flagpost, and the

thing to determine within the minutest fraction of an inch is the exact distance between these flagposts. The measuring chain is first carefully tested and checked with a 'standard' chain, to which it must be exactly adjusted. This is a very troublesome job, because the variations of the temperature necessarily affect the metal of the chain. For this reason, one measuring does not suffice; but many measurements are taken along the base-line, back and forward, and day after day. No two of these measurements will agree absolutely, in spite of all the care taken; but after a great number of measurements have been noted of the same line, they are all added together, and divided by the number of times the measurement has been made. This gives what is known as the 'mean measurement,' and it is as near to the true length as can be obtained. The mean measurement of the base-line, then, forms the basis of the triangular survey.

Having obtained the dimensions of the base-line, the surveyor now brings into operation the theodolite, which is an instrument for measuring angles. With this instrument at one end of his base-line, he sights one of the distant flagposts, and measures the angle formed by it with the other end of the base-line. Then he goes over to the other end and measures the angle formed with the second distant flagpost. He is thus able to calculate the two sides of his triangle from the known length of the base, and the calculation is even more accurate than if each side were measured with the chain separately.

The third side of his first triangle gives him a base-line for a second triangle (formed by other flagposts, on hill-tops or other elevated ground where possible); and so he goes on laying down a network of triangles, which he carefully records on paper by drawing the plots on a fixed scale. On reaching the limit of the land to be mapped, or at some suitable point, he will test the accuracy of the work done by applying the measuring-chain to one side of the last triangle at which the stoppage is made. If the measurement by the chain agrees exactly, or sufficiently closely, with the measurement given by the triangular calculation, then it is all right, and a fresh start is made from the new base-line. But if the measurements do not correspond, then there has been some mistake somewhere, and the whole thing has to be gone over again from the very beginning, until perfect results are obtained.

In this way the face of a country is covered with a network of accurately measured triangles, which form the skeleton on which can be built up the body and details of the topography. To fill up the triangles is the work of the local surveyors, who within each triangle may form a series, or several series, of smaller triangles. To lay down, for instance, the line of a mountain-range, or of a river, or of a coast, the surveyor will measure the distances from the side of his triangle to the chief points of irregularity in the line of the river, coast, &c. These side measurements are called 'offsets,' and are carefully drawn on the triangular plan. To

complete the configuration, all that is needed is to draw lines between the outer ends of the 'offsets.' By means of these 'offsets,' and of smaller triangles and measured lines within the main triangles, the local surveyor fills in the details of the map.

This, in brief, is the process of triangulation, or Trigonometrical Survey. But in a large country like India, to form a continuous network of triangles from south to north would have made the progress too slow. Instead of a network, therefore, what is known as the 'gridiron' system has been adopted. The 'gridiron' means a series of chains of triangulation, running north and south, with cross connections east and west. These chains or strings of triangles leave large interior spaces to be filled up by the local surveyors, while the main survey goes on. The main triangles necessarily vary much in size with the character of the country, and in India have ranged from fifteen to thirty miles or so of base. Such long distances required the most perfect instruments, and involved great physical exertion. It will be obvious that to measure for checking purposes a base-line of several miles, must be a very much more difficult and arduous task than to measure one of, say, one mile.

A thing always aimed at in trigonometrical surveys is to have neither very acute nor very wide angles—never 'sharper' than thirty degrees, nor wider than a right angle (ninety degrees). For a base-line as great a length as possible is desirable, but in fact it is seldom practicable to get one of more than seven or eight miles in length, for the surface must be level and unencumbered enough to leave each end perfectly visible from the other, and to leave the signal-stations to form the first triangle visible from both ends. But when only a short base-line can be measured by the chain, there are methods of elaborating from it, by triangulation, lines as long as may be necessary.

When Colonel Lambton succeeded in laying down his base-line in 1802 near Madras, with the Observatory as a sort of starting-point, he used a chain similar to what some of us have seen used by the Ordnance Surveyors in this country. It was supported on tripods twenty feet high, and was adjusted and tightened by a delicate screw-arrangement. On each tripod was placed a thermometer, to determine the temperature of the chain, and the necessary corrections were made according to the rate of expansion. The steel chain was regulated by a standard chain, whose length had been fixed at a temperature of fifty degrees. Every degree Fahrenheit in the temperature required a correction of $\cdot 00725$ inch in the chain. It took forty-two days to measure the Madras base-line, before the first angle could be taken. Some thirty years later, Colonel Colby of the Irish Survey invented a self-correcting method of measuring lines by using bars instead of chains. These bars are composite of brass and iron, and so joined that movements of contraction and expansion take place evenly at the extremities. When this new apparatus was introduced, the old base-lines were re-measured with it, and the calculations revised.

From Madras, Lambton carried his triangles

inland, westward to Bangalore. This distance of one hundred and sixty miles occupied two years to cover, and then it was determined to measure with the chain a base of verification, as already explained. The measurement revealed a difference of only three and three-quarter inches from the calculation founded on the Madras base-line. The Bangalore line was then made the base of a fresh series of triangles right across to the west coast, at Mangalore. The distance across from Madras was then found to be three hundred and sixty miles, and not four hundred miles, as had up till then been given on the maps.

The new base-line at Bangalore was taken as the foundation of a long 'meridional' series of triangles to be carried right through the heart of the country from Cape Comorin, in the extreme south, to the Himalayas, in the extreme north. This is called, technically, the 'Great Arc Series,' and it is 1540 miles in length. Lambton first carried the triangulation southwards to Cape Comorin, where a base of verification was measured; and then, in 1811, began to work northward from Bangalore. But he was also working east and west, and by the year 1815 had laid down a complete network of triangles between Madras, Bangalore, and the Godavery River, although he was kept very short of money, and was constantly being harassed by Government officials, who could not be made to understand the utility of his operations.

Lambton had not only pecuniary difficulties and official opposition to contend with. The country was in a state of political disturbance. Yet he succeeded in demonstrating not only that the accepted breadth of the Peninsula at Madras was forty miles wrong, but also that Arcot was ten miles out of place on the maps; and that Hyderabad was eleven minutes in latitude and thirteen minutes in longitude wrong. The disturbed condition of Central India caused a suspension of the 'Great Arc' series of surveys for a while, and Lambton went south again to complete the network of triangles there. Later, he resumed the 'Great Arc,' and broke down under the severe exertion and exposure on the survey between Hyderabad and Nagpore. He died at a lonely spot in the Central Provinces, on the 20th of January 1823, and a modest pillar now marks the place where lies the body of the Father of the Great Indian Survey.

Colonel Lambton died at the age of seventy, and he had been twenty-one years engaged exclusively on this great work. His operations comprised a triangulation of 165,342 square miles, at a cost of £83,537. He was succeeded by Colonel Everest, whose memory is perpetuated in the name of one of the highest summits of the Himalayas. Everest, indeed, had been for some years Lambton's chief assistant, and had carried the 'gridiron' along the Bombay coast. When appointed Superintendent, he at once took up the 'Great Arc,' which in 1824 he carried up to Sironj, where he measured a base-line. Then he had to go home to recruit, and was absent for five years, during which the assistants carried on a chain of triangles east and west, known as the 'Calcutta Longitudinal' series. This series was completed on a measured base-

line of verification at Calcutta in 1832. This was, however, after Everest had returned to the head of affairs, and had taken out with him the new Colby measuring apparatus, which was for the first time in India applied to the Calcutta base-line.

Then the 'Great Arc' series of triangulations was resumed with ardour, as forming the main axis of the Trigonometrical Survey. A great deal of the work had to be done during the rainy season, for the sake of the clearer atmosphere then, but at the cost of much loss of health and life to the surveying party. In traversing the plains, permanent towers had to be erected to gain the necessary elevation, and this involved tremendous labour and delay. There were between Sironj and the hills seventeen of these towers, each fifty feet high, and each containing a stone platform, on which the instruments might rest without vibration. They were at great distances apart, and a special system of signalling, both for day and night, had to be devised.

A party was sent on ahead to prepare a site for a terminal 'base of verification' to complete the 'Great Arc' series. The site was selected in the Dehra Doon Valley, between the Sewalik hills and the Himalayas. When the calculations were corrected, the difference at the base-line as between triangulation and actual measurement was only seven inches and one-fifth. This shows how careful was the work, and how accurate the instruments. But some other verifications had to be made; and it was 1841 before the 'Great Arc,' the central meridional survey of India, was completed. It is a stretch of 1540 miles; it comprises an area of triangulation about 57,000 square miles, and the triangulation had occupied nearly forty years.

In the same year (1841) the Bombay longitudinal series was also completed, extending a distance of 315 miles, and comprising an area within the triangulation of 15,198 square miles.

Now had to be undertaken a series of parallel meridional chains to the 'Great Arc' with cross-connections, to complete the 'gridiron.' Colonel Everest retired in 1843, broken down in health; and it was he who introduced the gridiron or intersecting chains of triangles, in preference to the continuous network with which operations began in the south.

The work of the several chains, or arcs, has been carried on by different parties, and under successive leaders, from year to year. The mortality among the officials of the Survey has been very heavy; and the swamps and jungles of India have exacted fearful tribute for the imposition of the measuring-chain. It would take too long, and would be too tedious to name all the technical and territorial divisions of the work; but we may say that the 'North-eastern Himalayan' series formed a sort of cap to the whole, by connecting the northern ends of the several chains of triangles, and forming a sort of framework for the gridiron. This Himalayan series includes some of the highest mountains in the world, whose heights and distances had to be determined—including Mount Everest, 29,000 feet above the sea. East and west, north and south, the work of triangulation has proceeded since the completion of the 'Great Arc' without

intermission, save during the Mutiny; and in 1883, the main triangulation, or gridiron, was completed over an area of a million square miles. But since then, the chains have been extended eastwards into Burma, and westwards towards Beluchistan and Afghanistan; while all the time, as the framework was being built up, and since, the work of filling up the triangles with details has been industriously going on. The gridiron is the skeleton upon which every contour and feature of the country has to be impressed. The whole system of the Indian Survey now rests upon ten measured base-lines, all now revised with the Colby apparatus—namely, at Cape Comorin, Bangalore, Beder, Sironj, and Dehra Doon; at Calcutta and Sonakoda; at Attock, Karachi, and Vizagapatam.

The Great Indian Trigonometrical Survey has been a marvel of patient persistence and of resolute grappling with obstacles of the most stupendous kind. It remains a model of precision and accuracy, certainly not the least noble of the monuments to British skill, energy, and devotion to duty.

THE ANGEL OF THE FOUR CORNERS.*

II.—THE COMING OF THE FIDDLER.

THE dance of the Little Wolf had been a success, and now Medallion bustled in and out among them, breaking them up into groups, while they kept calling for another dance. As he passed Marie, he whispered to her: 'Well done, Ma'm'selle, well done! But you must find another Prince, *toute suite!*'

She shook her head at him, laughing in a plaintive kind of way, but said nothing.

Just then, there was a bustle at the door. 'Vigord! Is it Vigord?' some cried.

It was not Vigord, but the crowd parted, making way for a young man, tall, with a handsome, clean-shaven face, warm, keen, dark eyes, and a strong brow above them. He smiled in a grave kind of way on them, turning his face from right to left, as though looking for some one. He carried under one arm a violin. Every one knew the old battered box. It was Vigord's.

'Why, it's Vigord's, it's Vigord's fiddle!' said Antoine.

'Yes, it's Vigord's fiddle,' said the young man, still looking round. 'Vigord is down at the house of Big Babiche. He was taken sick. I saw him there, and told him I would fetch the fiddle and play for you—and here I am!'

He tossed his hand up in a gay, free fashion. Just then he saw a face looking out at him from behind half-a-dozen others—a pale, half-frightened, bewildered face, with the eyes full of an anxious questioning, and a smile, too, struggling for life about the lips—just such a smile as might falter at the lips of one condemned to death, who thought he saw the bearer of a reprieve. God gives even the poor, the laborious, and the foolish of this world, whose brains are set to shine under gray skies, moments of wisdom and of feeling so deep, that all the

rest of their lives, in days and months and years, are as nothing beside those moments; as a guarantee that, at the end, as at the beginning, all souls are the same, and the rest is according to the Angel of the Four Corners, who wards the thousand paths of life.

Something in the young man's look warned her, and she dropped her eyes, while he came on, the crowd still gathering around him.

'You will play for us, then? you will play for us?' they cried.

'Yes, I'll play for you,' he answered, his eyes wide open and shining like two black diamonds. 'But see,' he continued. 'I must have the prettiest girl in the parish to supper, and at every fourth dance she must sit beside me while I play.' He laughed as he said it, and tossed his fingers again in an airy, gallant fashion. It was strange, too, this buoyant manner, for, in spite of his flashing eyes and smiling lips, there was a grave, ascetic expression behind all—something of melancholy, too, in the turn of his straight, manly body.

Medallion, standing apart, watched him musingly. He had not seen that first glance at Marie, or Marie's glance in return, but he felt there was something strange and uncommon in the man. He had the bearing of a gentleman, and his voice was that of education and refinement. The girls simpered and whispered among themselves, and the men turned with one consent to Marie.

'Well, it must be Marie,' said Antoine. 'She's the prettiest girl in the parish.'

'Yes, Marie! Marie!' said others.

Alphonse had a mind to speak, but he dared not, for he saw that he could not contradict Antoine, and he also saw that Marie would be handed over to this handsome stranger.

'Good!' said the stranger. 'Then, let it be Marie—not looking toward her. 'That is,' he added, 'if Marie—is willing.'

Now they made way for her to come forward, and said: 'Here—here she is.'

Marie came down slowly, not looking at the stranger, and his eyes did not dwell upon her face. They rose no higher than her neck, where she wore a little cross of gold.

'Good!' he said again—'good!' Then, as she came nearer, he continued, in an off-hand way: 'My name is Camille—Marie.'

She did no more than whisper the words 'Monsieur Camille,' and held out her hand, still not raising her eyes to his face.

He took her hand and clasped it. As he did so, a sound almost like a moan broke softly upon her lips. There was so much noise and chattering, that perhaps no one noticed it except Babette and Medallion, but they were watching—watching.

All at once Marie broke away with a wild, little laugh. 'Chut!' she said, as she danced in among the other girls, changed all in an instant; 'he'll be tired of me before the thing's over.'

'Yes,' said Medallion under his breath, 'as he was before. Yet I'm not so sure, either.' However, Medallion was only speculating.

Ten minutes after, Monsieur Camille was seated on a little platform at the end of the room, raised about six inches from the floor,

playing for the dancers. Marie was dancing with Alphonse. 'You think he's handsome?' asked Alphonse furtively.

'Oh, he's so vain!' she said. 'Look at the way he switches the bow!'

'And listen how he calls off the dances,' continued Alphonse, delighted—'not half so good as Vigord, and such airs! such airs!—Who's he, anyhow? We don't know. Likely some scalliwag from Quebec.'

'Perhaps he's a Prince!' said the girl, laughing.

'Prince? Bosh! Where's his moustache?' Alphonse stroked his own carelessly, one arm around Marie's waist. 'Why, he's shaved like a priest.'

Something peculiar flashed into Marie's eyes, and she looked for a moment inquiringly at Alphonse. 'Yes, just like a priest,' she said.

The dance went on. Monsieur Camille's clear, resonant voice rang out over the heads of the dancers: 'Ladies' chain—there you go—right and left—balance to partners—promenade all!' And so on; the words bending and inflecting to the music like a song, with here and there a laughing phrase thrown in at a stumbling *habitant*, or a pretty compliment to some blushing girl, whose eyes, as well as her feet, danced a reply to the Master of the Revels. Never was such music heard in the parish of Pontiac. Vigord's sun had gone out in darkness, and Monsieur Camille's was at high noon. Already had Medallion made friends with the fiddler, and had become at once Monsieur Camille's lieutenant in the jocund game. For Medallion had no vanity, and he knew a man of parts when he found him, and loved the man for the parts.

In the third dance, Marie took her place on a chair beside Monsieur Camille. The crowd gave a little cheer for her—for them both—before the dance began, and then they were all hard at it, heel and toe, knee and elbow, warm shoulder to warm shoulder, enjoyment panting through the room. Suddenly Monsieur Camille's voice was heard as he paused at the beginning of a set.

'It's my turn to talk. Who'll call off the dance? Will you?' he added, looking at Medallion.

Medallion nodded, and took up the parable. The music was riotous, and Medallion's voice abundantly cheerful, as he danced with Babette.

And now behind the joyous riot there passed a little drama.

'Do you wonder why I've come—Marie?' said the Master of the Revels.

'Why have you come?' she asked.

'Have you forgotten my name?' he urged reproachfully.

'Why shouldn't I?'

'That's so—that's so!' he answered.

'You told me to forget it,' she added.

'That's true!' he agreed sorrowfully.

There was a pause, in which nothing was said between them, and then, in an awed, shrinking kind of voice, she said: 'Are you—a priest—now?'

His voice in reply had a kind of disdainful recklessness. 'Do you think I'd be here if I

was?' He drew the bow across the E string with a vigour more raw than sweet.

'How should I know?' she answered. 'Am I—my brother's—keeper?' He winced, and the bow rasped on the E string, so that the dancers looked up wonderingly; but Monsieur Camille's head was only nodding to the music, and the dancing went on the same. Still, her arrow had gone home; for he remembered when, in the shadow of the great Cathedral in Quebec, one Christmas eve, he had bid her forget him as Camille, her lover, and think of him only as Camille, her brother, who was vowed to become a priest.

Sorrow and pain had sharpened her mind, as only these things can sharpen the mind of a woman. This was not the simple, loving girl from a country village, who had stolen his heart while he studied in Laval Seminary. This was a little woman, grown, oh! so bitterly wise. And when a woman grows bitter and wise, the bravest should be humble, for she needs the help of neither gods nor men to aid her tongue.

'When did you become a priest?' she asked, with slow inquisition.

'A fortnight,' he said, 'is the time fixed.'

'Then, as I said, why do you come?' she asked sharply.

'Can't you understand?' he replied with a strong rush of feeling.

'Shouldn't a priest be about his Father's business, not at a dance?' she replied scornfully.

'Marie, Marie! aren't you glad to see me?' he said—'running all this risk, as I do?' He had his eyes on the little cross at her throat. He had once given it to her.

'I have my own confessor,' she replied—'the good Father Fabre. I don't need another.' Her fingers felt for the cross, then suddenly dropped it. She got to her feet.

'Marie, Marie!' he whispered.

But with a laugh she sprang down from the little platform among the dancers and caught Medallion's arm.

With rollicking laughter, Medallion swung both her and Babette through the flirting changes of a cotillon.

POISONS AND THEIR ANTIDOTES.

'DEATH by poisoning!' How often that heading attracts our attention to some paragraph in the daily paper. We are not much impressed, perhaps, the case seems so far removed from our own individuality. It is only when some one near and dear to us inadvertently takes an overdose of poison, that we suddenly realise the awful fear, pain, and anxiety, attendant upon death by poisoning. What is to be done? The first thing is to send for a doctor; then, while waiting for his arrival, try and find out the sort of poison which has been taken. If the patient is too ill to give any details for himself, watch the symptoms, for by them it is quite possible to judge which antidote will be best under the circumstances.

Poisons may be divided into three classes:

Corrosives, Irritants, and Neurotics. In poisoning by corrosives, of which sulphuric acid, nitric acid, and hydrochloric acid are the chief, pain and discomfort follow immediately after swallowing. The action of these acids in burning and destroying everything with which they come in contact is so prompt and so fatal that it is impossible to give an antidote in time. A little calcined magnesia beaten up in water or milk is the best thing, and helps to alleviate the acuteness of the pain. Or, if no magnesia should be handy, a little whiting, or even common plaster from the wall ground up in water, is a good remedy. It is frequently the very simplest things which are the most efficacious.

Irritants are known by the violent purging and sickness which commence almost immediately after the dose. Encourage the vomiting by every means in your power; a tablespoonful of salt, or the same quantity of mustard in lukewarm water, will produce the necessary sickness. The chief irritants are salts of zinc, tin, silver, iron, as also croton oil, and, in large doses, scammony and gamboge.

Neurotic poisons act directly upon the nerves, and opium is the chief of this class. The symptoms differ widely from those following poisoning by acids. The patient has only one desire—to be allowed to sleep, and that is precisely what he must on no account do: sleep in this case means death. The stomach pump is the best thing to be used, but only a doctor can use it, therefore, while awaiting his arrival, give the patient a strong emetic and keep him awake somehow. If the first few hours can be safely tided over, there is much less danger; and twenty-four hours will generally see him practically restored to health. A cup of strong black coffee is an excellent antidote; and a galvanic-battery shock, if obtainable, would be most useful.

So much for poisons in general; now for a few details about some of those we are most in the way of hearing of as causing illness or death. Nuxvomica and strychnine may be placed together, inasmuch as their symptoms are similar and the same antidote can be used in each case. These poisons cause violent convulsions and spasms closely resembling tetanus or lockjaw. An emetic must be given at once. Powdered charcoal in a little water is the best antidote. The action of the poisons is so rapid, and the results so fatal, that it is almost useless to hope for recovery after a strong dose. The most that can be done—after the emetic and charcoal—is to keep the patient as quiet as possible by giving him an occasional whiff of chloroform or ether to allay the spasms and deaden the pain.

Aconite is really the plant monkshood, found in nearly every garden, and is one of the most fatal poisons known. One form in which it may be inadvertently taken is in mistaking the root, in winter, for that of horse-radish, which

it closely resembles. When taken, it causes a tingling sensation in the mouth, quickly followed by the feeling known as 'pins and needles' in the hands and feet; this again being succeeded by numbness. An emetic must be given at once, followed by some charcoal, or a strong cup of tea or coffee, the tea to be boiled a minute or two, that all the tannin may be extracted.

Arsenic is frequently used in medicines, and in small doses is of great use for skin diseases. One also hears of it being used by ladies for the improvement of their complexions. The results at first are very good, but soon the skin looks puffy and opaque, the eyes smart, and the eyelids thicken; the hair also looks dull and lifeless. In cases of poisoning by arsenic, an emetic must be given first, then raw eggs beaten up in milk, charcoal, or hydrated oxide of iron (from a chemist).

Belladonna is a poison obtained from the deadly nightshade, which flowers in England during the months of June and July. Children especially are attracted by the pretty berries. The patient is inclined to sleep, but not quietly, as in the case of opium-poisoning; on the contrary, he is violent and delirious. Give an emetic at once, and do not let him sleep. Use the battery if possible, and give strong black coffee.

Prussic acid is so speedy and so fatal in its action, that there is rarely time for an antidote to be administered. A little ammonia may be given; and if the dose has been small, hydrated oxide of iron may be used, as for arsenic.

Mercury resembles the corrosive poisons in its symptoms. Albumen is the best antidote; white of egg should therefore be given, beaten up in milk.

Oxalic acid must be treated as the other acids, with magnesia in water or milk, or common chalk. Always give the calcined magnesia (the oxide); the carbonate generates too much carbonic acid, which would only aggravate the evil.

Laburnum seeds are often eaten by children, and produce vomiting, purging, and cramp. An emetic of mustard and warm water or of ipecacuanha wine, half an ounce for the dose, must be given at once; the patient must also be made to take a little brandy or ammonia, after the emetic has acted, to ward off all fear of collapse.

It is very rare that a case of acute lead-poisoning comes under one's notice; the illness is gradual in its onset. Painters are most liable to suffer from it, though cases have been known arising from people sleeping in newly painted rooms, or from taking snuff which has been wrapped up in lead paper. The first noticeable symptom is acute pain in the stomach; and if the mouth of the patient be examined, there will be found a faint blue line along the gum where it joins the teeth. If not treated at once, the whole body suffers, becoming thin and emaciated. The muscles in the arms and shoulders lose their strength, and are useless, so that the patient is unable to lift the smallest things. One's first endeavour must be to get rid of the poison. Give frequent doses of Epsom salts—half an ounce to the dose—and allow the

patient to have a warm bath. After the salts have acted, a quarter of a grain of belladonna may be given to relieve pain. The salts must be continued in small doses, while full doses of iodide of potassium should be given to try to remove all the lead still in the system. The weakened muscles must be treated by electricity and massage.

Copper-poisoning is caused by allowing verdigris to accumulate in kettles or saucepans used for cooking. Great care should be taken to thoroughly clean and dry these vessels after using. In cases of poisoning, vomiting must be induced by large draughts of warm water containing tannic acid.

Mackerel and mussels are distinctly poisonous to some people, and when that is the case, and vomiting does not result from the eating of them, it must be induced by an emetic of mustard and warm water. The symptoms are violent pain in the head and stomach, and a feeling of nausea. In most cases, sickness and purging commence almost immediately after eating, and must on no account be stopped until all the poisonous matter has been expelled. Afterwards, the patient will be found very much exhausted, and must be given a little brandy and soda water and allowed to sleep as long as possible.

THE MEN IN STONE.

By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ.

It is not always a desirable thing to come into possession of a large and beautiful estate. I used to think otherwise; but when I came to learn how, by your English laws, landed property could be hobbled by mortgage, and second mortgage, and third mortgage, and other mortgages, then I had to change my opinion. An active and fatal hereditary curse which I was forced to take up with the rest of the succession also helped in part to warp my mind to this unorthodox opinion. My upbringing had been in the Western States of the American Union; and when I landed in Liverpool, I was as firm a disbeliever and as eloquent a scoffer on the matter of family curses as any man in the Eastern hemisphere. Afterwards, I came to change opinion; but that was not until I learned how this ban had horribly deprived no fewer than four of my own progenitors of life, and had seen with my own eyes what was left of their mortal bodies, monstrous in death.

My inheritance of the estate was a thing of blank surprise to me. I had almost forgotten its existence, so remote was my collateral relationship to the last owner. But when the lawyer's letter came which announced the succession, I gladly gave up nothing in Seattle, Washington State, and shipped to England, where I fancied a very considerable something awaited me.

I must confess, however, that after landing, my spirits were damped from the outset. The rambling Elizabethan house was gloomy as a cave. The family man of business who received was a glum old fellow, whose talent lay in bringing up the darkest side of everything. I

thought at first that he resented me as practically a foreigner: looked upon me as an interloper. But this was not so. Dismalness as regards the affairs of the Devlin estate was the man's chronic attribute; and when I came to know more about my predecessors in the holding, I began to understand why this should be so. The lives and the ends of the men who had been before me as heads of that ill-starred family were not conducive to mirth on the part of any one who was paid to overlook them.

We were dining when Mr Field, the lawyer, gave me a first brief outline of how my ancestors had fared, and I account it that I am stout-hearted when I say that the recital did not take away my appetite. Of nine men who had sat where I sat then, in the high carved chair at the head of the black oak dining-table, no more than three had died peaceably in their beds. Of the rest, one had been slain in a brawl brought on by his own savagery; another had been done to death by some unknown marauder who would have despoiled him of his papers; and of other four, who should say how Fate had dealt with them? They were here to-day: to-morrow, they were not; and no man could say whence they had gone, or of what nature was their end.

'Of all of these unfortunate gentlemen, except one,' said Mr Field in conclusion, 'I only know through the hearsay of history. But of the last victim of this mysterious ban, Mr Godefroy Devlin, to whom you, sir, succeeded, I can tell you a little more. I warn you that the little I know is meagre and unsatisfactory; but I think right that you should hear it. Who can say but what, joined to other knowledge which you will acquire from the iron box of family papers marked "Private," it may help you (in some manner which I myself cannot discern) to avoid the fate which has befallen Mr Godefroy and so many of his forebears?

'You must know then, sir, that the estate in Mr Godefroy's time was, as it always had been, desperately encumbered. Mr Godefroy was a thoughtful man; careful almost to nearness; and deeply impressed with his responsibility of putting the family affairs on a more sound financial basis. To this end he lived with the utmost quietness, and put aside every penny he could spare; I regret to say, without much visible avail. Monetary fortune seemed always against him. He left the estate as he found it fifteen years earlier, still heavily encumbered, as you will discover when to-morrow you go into the accounts.

'Please mark, then, that it was not till after fifteen years of ineffectual struggle—or, to be more precise, fifteen years and four months—that he made up his mind to attempt another course. He did it with a heavy sense of impending misfortune, and nothing but so protracted a series of dismal failures could have nerved him to the essay. And believe me here, sir, that I do not speak without the book. Mr Godefroy told me all this himself; told me also that he had known of the venture he was now going to put to the test throughout all his period of possession; and nothing short of despair could have shouldered him

into it. I sought to restrain him, considering it my duty to do this. He waived my suggestions impatiently aside. "Mr Field," he said, "I have been a coward now for fifteen years, and have despised myself afresh every morning I woke. Life on these terms is no longer endurable. If I succeed in restoring this estate, why, then, I do succeed; if I fail, I shall have died in an honourable attempt."

"What you tell me, Mr Godefroy," said I, "is—pardon the comment—vague and mysterious. Surely some practical method could be found of avoiding the danger you so feelingly hint at. We live now in the nineteenth century, and I myself value nothing a wordy curse propounded in the year of our Lord sixteen ninety; and I fancy that most other men are of my way of thinking. I cannot, of course, compel your confidence; I am speaking in a measure through the dark; but I cannot help thinking that if you shared this gloomy secret of yours with some responsible person, a means might be found whereby the dangers you allude to might be sensibly counteracted."

"He broke out at me passionately. "Do you imagine," he cried, "that I have not already thought this out a hundred score of times myself? Do you think me dolt enough to run into a horrible unknown danger if I could take with me a companion who could shield that danger aside?"

"Yes, sir, those were Mr Godefroy's very words—"Horrible unknown danger;" and I judge from them that he was as ignorant of what he felt himself called upon to face as you and I are this moment. But I had no more from him. He curtly informed me that he was shortly about to make his attempt, and that if he disappeared, I was to "presume" his death in the ordinary legal course, and put myself in communication with the next-of-kin."

The old lawyer prosed on till deep into the night, but I must confess that his droning tones well-nigh sent me into a doze. You see, I was American bred, and thought little then of ancestral curses, and vague dangers that could stand against a pocket weapon of '38 calibre.

As I have told you, later on I had my eyes opened; and an inspection of the papers in that iron box marked 'Private' began the process.

It was with a preliminary feeling of eeriness that I made the key grate through the rusty wards of the strong-box's lock. Sooner than let the papers which I was going to view pass into alien hands, one of my ancestors had delivered up life itself. The stiff hinges screamed as the lid swung back, and I was astonished to find the interior was well-nigh empty. It contained but one slim yellow packet, bound about with a thong of leather, and nothing beside, unless one takes account of some gray flue, and a blotch or so of ancient spider's web.

The packet was labelled on the outside in a mean cramped handwriting: 'To my son, Anno 1690, Chaucer d'Evlin;' and underneath were docketts by the various holders—'Read by me, George d'Evlin, 1709.' 'By me, Armytage

Devlin, 1723;,' and so on down, and the signature of Godefroy Devlin, who had made perusal some sixteen years before myself.

Curiosity did not permit me to linger long over the exterior. Unknotting the thong, I dashed at once amongst the contents. Here, however, my haste was stayed. The crabbed old penmanship, the queer dead forms of expression, made a puzzle which I was many a weary hour in disentangling; and even when the task was completed, and a fair copy of what I judged to be the just translation lay on the desk before me, the import of it bewildered me much. The letter was merely a long vague rambling statement of fact. About this much-threatened curse there was no more mention than one finds in a table of logarithms.

Paraphrased, the contents amounted to this: The old gentleman who in 1620 put quill to that yellow paper, had by one means and another scraped together a goodly inheritance. But knowing the ways of the world, he foresaw it possible that some of his descendants, either through personal extravagance, or political uproar, or some other cause, might dissipate this, and stand in need. On which account he here spoke of a treasure hidden away, to be broached only in case of the most urgent necessity. To discourage its being unhoarded without due cause, he warned any raider that the approach was a matter of trouble and much personal danger.

This made up the contents of the first two folios. The remaining sheet gave directions for unearthing the booty; and I had a sort of vague fancy that it was in a different hand of writing, as if (perhaps) it had been penned at some subsequent time.

The searcher was directed to a certain moor in the neighbourhood (giving the name) 'at a time when a low-flying moon shall cast the shadow of Wild Boar Pike into the fall of Stanton's Ghyll. At the point where the rim of this shadow cuts the midway line between the great stone monuments which uprear from the floor of the moorland, there lies a mossy cleft which receives a runlet of water. Within, this mouth widens, leading to the lip of a prodigious deep pit, which in turn gives entrance to the bowels of the mountain. In the depths below this lies that which if brought to shrewd use shall reset up this my house, which thou (my son) hast made to totter. Yet guard against being overlooked in that thy search, for should human eye espy thee, so surely shall this treasure which is buried for thy maintenance be reft entirely from thee.'

Now it was the very plainness and simplicity of these instructions which troubled me. In this original document there was no mention of curse whatever; yet current gossip spoke confidently of an active ban, and the mysterious disappearance of those four Devlins (all of whom had read precisely what I read then) seemed to give definite ground for the rumour.

I puzzled over this point for many days, making neither head nor tail out of it, and at last resolved to go the one step further. Money I must have, or else return to the old drudging life on the Pacific slope. The estate was

dipped to the neck, and because of the cursed entail, I could not sell the acreage of a penny piece. I wrote to the next heir, telling him how matters stood. But he did not feel the pinch. He was a sordid fellow, rich himself, and gunmaker in Birmingham; and he refused to break the entail. To remain as I was, meant common starvation, neither more nor less. The warning of what had happened to my four predecessors in the quest was grim enough, Heaven knows. But my needs were great, and they rode it down.

Too impatient to wait for moonlight, I set out there and then in the full glare of day for the upper ground. I found a wide upland plateau walled in on either side by steep gray cliffs of limestone. One of these ran up to Wild Boar Pike, a bare grim crag of stone that was an eminence for miles round. The Pike made a sky-line running up at a gentle slope from the north-east, till it finished in a little nipple of rock, and then being cut away vertically for a thousand feet as stunt as the end of a house.

The fall of Stanton's Ghyll was a patch of noisy whiteness two miles away in a slantwise direction on the opposite hill face; and the 'great stone monuments' were two jagged outcrops of rock, which sprouted in bare loneliness from the flat floor of the valley.

It seemed to me at first blush that old Chaucer d'Evlin's cross-bearings were simple enough to work out, despite the slightly fantastic way in which they were written; and congratulating myself that I had no cause to blunder about the moor in the night-time, I hazarded a guess at the course of the shadow, and set about searching for the cleft which received the little stream. All around me was rough bare brown moorland, patched here and there with pea-green plateaus of bog, and here and there with conical pits, where some cave in the limestone beneath had broken in. The place was noisy with the screams of curlew and the crowings of startled grouse.

I searched that day, and the next, and for many days afterwards, but found no trace of entrance to the regions beneath. And then I took to poacher-prowlings by night; but many a weary black hour passed before a moon threw the Pike's shadow on to the waterfall.

Yet at last a chance was given me. The night was windy and full of noise; cold besides; and clouds were riding in the heavens at racing pace. The walk was a long and a rough one, and I sat down under the lee of a rock to wait. At times, the ring of the moon glared out with crisp distinctness, crawling along low in the sky below the Wild Boar's haunch. More often, the drift of cloud-banks eclipsed it. Then in its creeping progress it drew behind the upward slope of the Boar's back, and I lost sight of it altogether. I knew only of its presence from now and then a reflected glow from an upper stratum. But as it drew ahead, a fan of light stole out from the vertical wall of the Pike, and spread up the valley; and as the moon swept on, the edge of this light-fan drifted backwards down the valley, driving the black swathe of shadow before it.

At last the creeping shadow of the Pike with

the first moon-ray on its heels swung into the little gorge of the waterfall, and the valley floor was ruled in half by a clean line of inky black. I glanced up. One of the jagged stone 'monuments' was brilliant in moonlight; the other bristled through the gloom behind me like some great uncouth beast; I was standing in the direct line between the two. The mark of the shadow cut this not a score of yards from my feet in the centre of a patch of oozy green.

A cloud drifted over the moon then, and the moorland was filled with cold rustling gloom. But I had learned enough to find out if old Chaucer d'Evlin's words were true. I had marked down the spot, and ran to it, with the dark bog-water squelching over my boots. But in the middle of the patch the water drained away; and listening, I could hear a silvery tinkle which came to my ears between the gusts of the gale.

With growing excitement I tore the moss away eager-handed. Beneath was wet shining rock, cleft with a two-foot gash that was floored with pebbles. Dropping down upon these away from the draught of the gale, I lit my lantern and found before me a gallery sloping gently downwards with the strata. It was partly earth-fissure—partly water-worn; and it led me along for forty yards. Then I stopped, and saw before me evidence of those who had been before.

In the rock-floor was a shaft, fluted and smoothed, descending vertically downwards towards I knew not what abysses. It was a formation common enough in limestone, and known as a Pot.

Across the mouth of this was a new-cut beam laid, and from the beam depended a knotted rope which hung lankly and wetly down till my lantern's glow could trace it no farther in the heavy darkness. Down that rope Godefroy Devlin had met his fate; down other similar ropes three of his forebears had preceded him into eternity.

Shall I be written coward if I confess that standing there in that still black silence, a heavy chill came over me as I gazed downwards, which not even the cold of the cave would account for?

Now it seemed to me that, if I waited, my courage would ooze still further away. So I made a dash at the attempt with all the blind haste of fright. I had with me a rope, and tied that fast to the beam alongside the knotted rope of Godefroy Devlin, watching with a shudder the snaky coils as they disappeared in the blackness of the Pot. Then I seized the two. I had descended two man-lengths when I remembered the light. In my hurry and scare I had left it behind. Ascending once more, I tied it to my neck, but finding it inconvenient there, slung it by a string round my ankle. The change saved my life.

Fathom after fathom I descended, the smooth stone sides of the shaft always keeping their precise distance—and then a vague dreaminess crept over me—and the candle in the lantern burnt dimmer—and I drew nearer towards sleep—and then the candle went out.

The loss of light roused me. I stopped my descent, sagging the twin ropes back and for-

wards like a man of lead. My hands weighed tons; my feet and head hundreds of tons. Instinctively I hauled myself upwards again, with perilous slowness at first, faster afterwards, with the speed of terror when nearing the top.

I did not faint when my feet were once more on the solid rock. I should have been happier if I had done, for, as it was, my heart was like to have burst an alley through my ribs. Heavy poisonous gas—carbon dioxide—lay in a layer at the bottom of the shaft. If it had not been for the warning lantern, I should have descended amongst it and dropped into death, even as had done those four others who preceded me.

You can be sure I was fit for little else that night besides tottering homewards as best I was able; and I thought never to visit the horrid spot again. But a day or two's rest changed this view, and I transported to the moor a small rotary blower from a portable blacksmith's forge, and a long length of rubber tubing, and exorcised the heavy gas from below till a candle would burn there as clearly as it would in the open. Then I descended again, and instead of the few shattered bones and other poor relics of humanity which I expected to find, saw as wonderful a sight as man's eyes have fallen on through all the ages. Water fell in a small spray from all around, and the lime in it had been deposited on the bodies of the four Devlins who had fallen there. Decay had never commenced. The shell of stone had begun to grow from the very moment of their arrival. The undermost man was a shapeless heap. The next was but a vague outline. Of the third, I could but make out that he had once been human, nothing more. But the last comer had fallen on his back resting against this ghostly pile, and the thin layer of stone which crusted him was transparent as glass. I could trace every fibre of his clothes; every line of his careworn face. He must have passed into death without pain. His features were more peaceful than those of a man asleep.

For a while this rocky horror fascinated me, and then I tore myself away, passing into a great jagged cave, which burrowed amongst the very entrails of the living rock. And here was the Treasure which had been kept so long inviolate, and at such a cost: not jewels or gold, as I had fondly anticipated, but a vein of galena—glittering lead ore—which when afterwards I bought up royalties and set on miners to work, made me richer by far than that old D'Evlín who had first discovered it, and had left it so contemptuously as a spare nest-egg for his posterity.

I found, too, something besides which showed how terribly one man's faults may be visited on his descendants, and showed, moreover, how a vengeance may be transmitted with many lethal blows down many centuries. There was a flask on the rock floor beside the sparkling vein of ore, a queer-shaped wine-vessel of glass stoppered with crimson wax. Inside were papers. I drew them out and read them by the shifting light of the lantern. The hair rippled on my scalp as I spelled through the crabbed sentences. The words were written by

one Thomas Field, steward to the D'Evlín who founded my family. They began with a description of the writer's station, and then there followed a list of his woes, and hate glowered from each faded letter.

'... in every carnal thing' (so the letter ran) 'has this man, Chaucer D'Evlín, done me wrong. He has gained cattle and horses that I should have possessed, farms that I should have had, and that by rights was mine. He stripped me of moneys till I had no dirt left. He made me his servant who should have been his master. Yet these things could have been forgiven. But for one matter wherein he ousted me, the man has earned my hate undying. He won for himself the woman I loved, and made her his wife who should have been mine.'

'For this I write here my curse against him and against his till they are worms and dust as he is now. For this I have taken away the last sheet of the writing in the iron box, wherein he told how to draw away the noxious vapours which fill this Pot, and have left in their place other writings which shall form a snare. Hereby I know my soul is damned to all eternity. But I care not. Through Chaucer D'Evlín I have known my hell in this life; and so that this my curse may spread on all his spawn which is to follow, I willingly take the portion of Flames which will be mine in just recompense.'

'Oh Duna, my love, my lost love, through memory of thee alone I do this thing. . . .'

In that weird mysterious cavern I read these words, and the thought of that awful vengeance which Thomas Field's dead hand had carried out bit into me like a knife. My chest grew cramped; my head throbbed; the whispering noises of the place increased to clamour. It seemed to my frightened nerves that the steward's tortured spirit hovered and gibbered in the black vault above me.

I could not wait there longer. I fled to the shaft, treading on that mound of men in stone, and then leaped up the rope to air and daylight.

Dead Duna, your faithlessness—or your coercion, was it?—has been fearfully avenged.

A MURMUR.

I WROTE her name on the soft, shifting sand,
For Love had written it within my heart.
Th' incoming tide with its incessant flood
Dashed o'er the letters, leaving level sand;
But as the expended foam crept slowly back
Into the seething waves, it bore her name,
And mingled it for ever with the surge.
The billows murmur it along the shore;
The wild waves echo it in every beat;
The tempest shrieks it 'neath the midnight sky;
While jealous mermaids wonder whence it came;
And seamews, as they sport upon the waves,
Hear it, and call their mates by that sweet name;
And I for ever hear within my heart
The murmur of her name borne from the sea.

J. K. L.

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